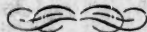


THE VICTORY,
AND
THE GOLDEN HARP
OF
PALESTINA.

BY
AMOS PITT,
AUTHOR OF "THE DEVIL DEFEATED."



To His most mighty rule shall bow the knee,
Each human being throughout this canopy.



HAMILTON:
TIMES PRINTING COMPANY, 3 HUGHSON STREET.

1876.

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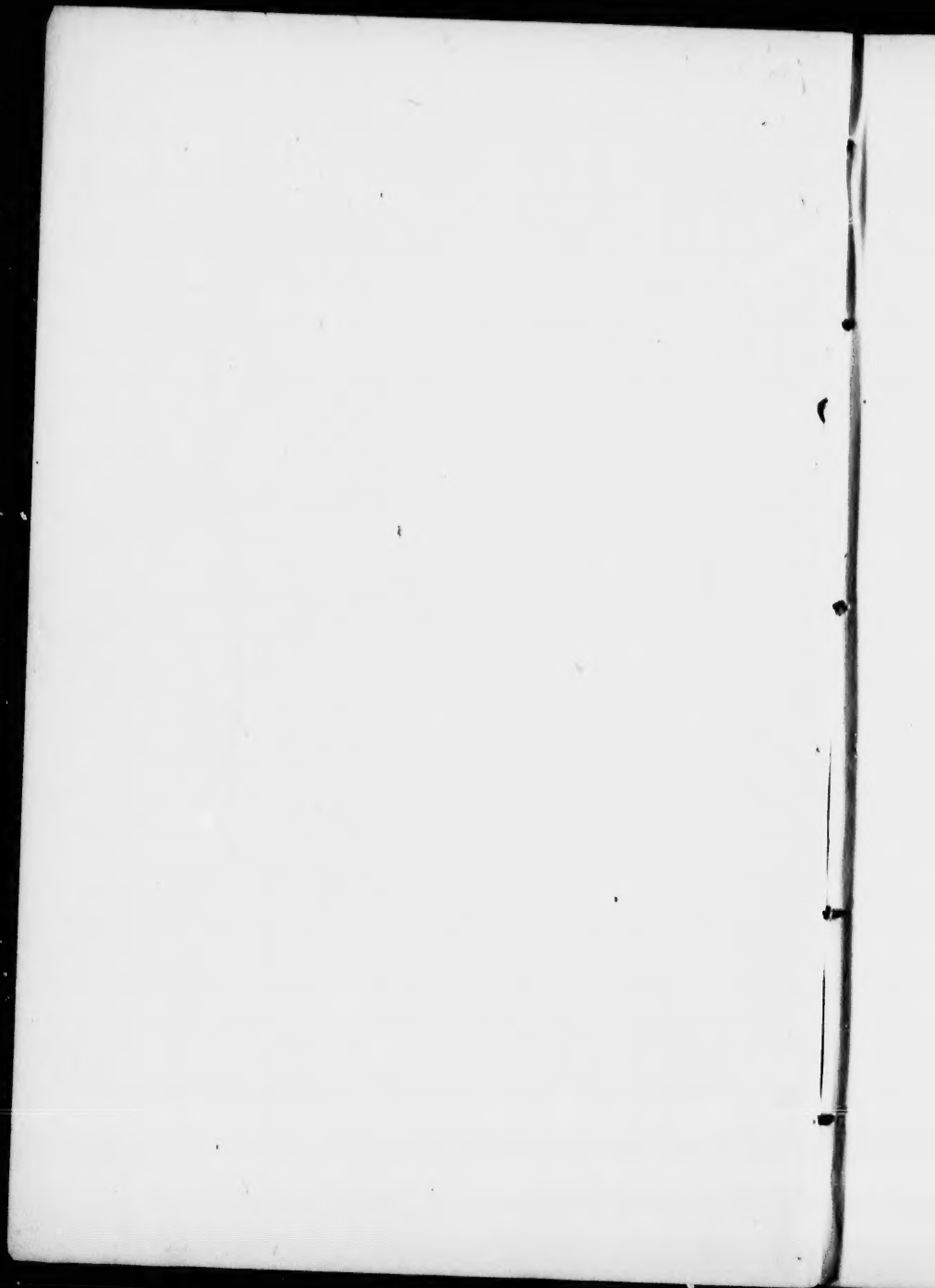
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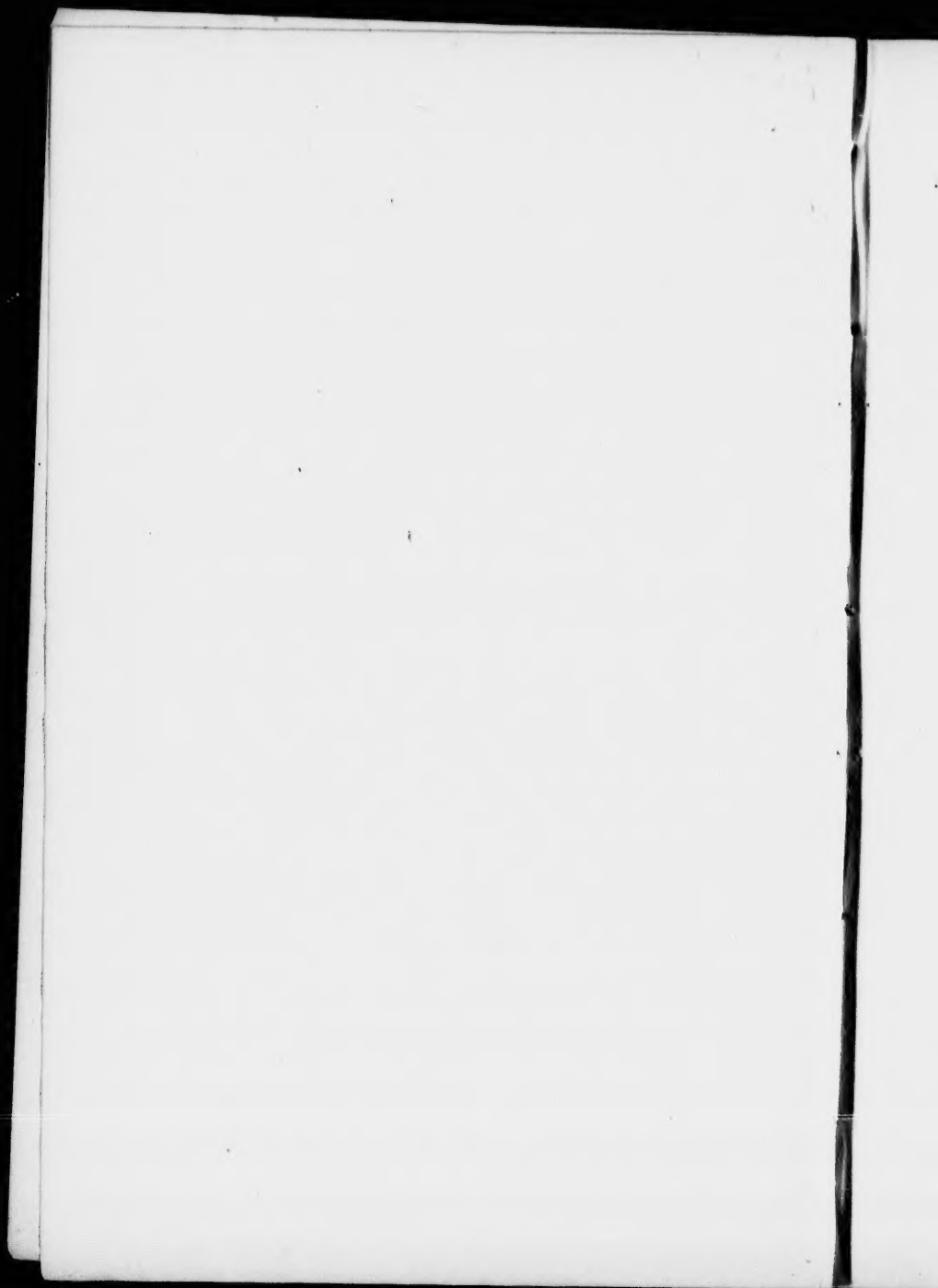


PREFACE.

TWELVE months have elapsed since a small brochure was issued bearing the somewhat presuming title of "*The Devil Defeated*;" and the Author having studied human nature by experience, in a life of trial and adversity, is again encouraged to bring forward his present little work, as "*The Victory*;" or, *Poems and Songs* based chiefly on revelation and the ancient country of Palestine; in doing so, he does not make any apology for any defects in his poems other than were made by the poet Pope (though in other words), namely—the nature of his soul is such as to be unable to take charge of itself, and believing as he does that an ocean of beautiful poems skims the surface of our present day literature, with nothing in them calculated to instruct and edify the thinking mind, he invites such of his fellow working men as are striving to better their future welfare to a perusal of the poems herein set forth.

HAMILTON, APRIL, 1876.

AMOS PITT.



Palestina as a Promised Possession.

"THE LAMENTATIONS."

H ! Palestine, lov'd Palestine, with fields of Eden
worth,
My Christian heart is longing for the land that gave
them birth ;

A tribute to thy memory in judgment there was led,
A king once liv'd upon thee who suffer'd, died and bled.
A wail I give for Palestine—thou far off distant land ;
The Mahomedan now treads thee, there upon thee wailers
stand ;

Thy children have forsaken thee—all o'er the world they
roam,

And desolation reigns supreme o'er ancient Israel's home.
Onward treads the weary traveller o'er rock, o'er hill and
plain,

In silence and astonishment he counts the long, long stain ;
Stones and debris there are laid to mark each ancient town,
By aliens thou o'errun, alas ! and by gentiles trodden down.
People of alien nature from far off distant climes,
Now tread within thy border where form'dly a thousand
vines,

Briars and thorns it shall be, thy prophets were not in vain,
And there were verdure upon thee from the former and
latter rain.

Oh ! land of insecurity, with title deeds of love,
And kings will yet secure thee by an inheritance from above.

A series of undulations of rich and lovely scene,
A rejected king upon thee and an age of clouds between ;
Widely scattered o'er the earth like dew shall Israel be,
Until the rising of the sun in beauteous majesty.
We find him in every foreign land taking shelter—no home
has he,
And in no nation on the globe will he join affinity.
The subjects of a kingdom, the prophetic word is sure,
And a heavenly reign among them, will a thousand years
endure.
Lordly buildings once there stood erect o'er yon plains
and hilly brow,
Mournful deeds—with war-like steeds—where all is silent
now.
He is not here—he is risen—the son of God was he ;
And guarded by the watchers where the moon shone
brilliantly.
We are smitten dumb with feeling, our heart pierced through
and through,
While we gaze upon yon city, Jerusalem is in view ;
The darkness of thy history to our mind no longer hid,
And admittance to tomb and temple—there all Jews alike
forbid.
Wonder, solemn joy and sadness, with mingled fallen
tear,
While we ponder o'er the ashes of ancient Salem's lov'ly
seer.
Worthy help from distant exiles, in honor be it said ;
Recipients of their charity—thy lingering sons are fed.

Oh ! when shall come the morning when all clouds have
pass'd away?
And Israel's kingdom again restor'd in the great Messiah's
day ;
Will God fulfil his promises to his own prophetic race?
The Abrahamic covenant now empty, void and waste.

Pencilings by the Way.

LEBANON.

NEATH the lofty crest of Lebanon,
Glides forth the gushing stream,
And on the top of Lebanon,
Are stately cedars seen.
Waters lisp'g down the Lebanon,
Is music to the ear,
Cheers up the heart of travellers,
And dries the fallen tear.

JUDGMENTS.

Towns 'neath the heights of Lebanon,
Speed'ly went to ruin,
Were conquered by the spear and run,
Everything with Jew in.
Behold the war fiend how he rages,
Upon God's holy land,
And remnants of by-gone ages,
The cedars stately stand.

CEDARS.

Seven cedars crown (the nation
Dispers'd) and thousands slain,
And the fir by inspiration,
Rise o'er the fallen main.
The cedars left by Solomon,
With Israel's kingdom slain.
Hewn down upon the Lebanon,
Or on the mighty plain.

MILK AND HONEY.

The valleys brought forth lilies, and
The milk on pastures green,
The honey too the bees had fan'd,
In rocky cliffs was seen ;
Honey exuded from the trees,
Hills melted with the wine,
And groves rung out sweet melodies,
In holy Palestine.

PLAINS.

The plains sunk in desolation,
O'ergrown with noxious weed,
Near some patch of cultivation,
The flocks were seen to feed ;
On their bosom corn once flourish'd,
Where mourns now the barren,
And God's holy land has languish'd,
On the plains of Sharon.

RUINS.

In the ancient town of Bethel,
No tinkling symbol heard,
Nor the prancing of the stretchel,*
Or note of singing bird ;
Nothing but the "faded flower,"
Lies strewn upon the ground,
Where once some noble tower,
With solemn trumpet sound.

*Horse.

MIRTH AND MUSIC.

The Jew harped out the praises,
By the hills and dales,
And King David's welcome lays, is
Rung o'er the fertile vales ;
The timbrel beneath thy mountains,
Where music had its wings,
And the springs from living fountains,
Inspired the sacred strings.



Palestina under the Reign of Christ.

THE DAWN.

WHY mourn ye for Palestina, now under a weary
reign,
And despotic rule is seen, alas, on every sunny
plain,

With rich and fruitful valleys usurped by a foe,
And the snow and rainy seasons make thy rivulets o'erflow ;
On the North thou hast Mount Lebanon, and on its tower-
ing brow

Is wrapt with snowy mantle where the firs are seen to grow.
While gazing from the Southward to Arabic Petrie,
And Westward thou art bounded by the Mediterranean sea ;
Once beautiful for situation was Judea's land ador'd,
With sounds of mirthful praises by Israel's king and bard !
Bless'd dawn of Palestina, may thy sun with healing rise !
To wipe away all sinful stains and tears from weeping eyes,
Glory, honor and Immortality and riches there combine,
And in no nation on the earth with pleasures so divine ;
O'erflowing with milk and honey when Christ upon thee
dwell,

With heavenly virtues shed abroad, no doctors, all is well !
Yes, fallen is thy greatness through a long and dreary night,
And mourn'd with lamentations thou has't a glimmering
light !

Of the heights of Palestina much therefore can be said,
For thy future restoration and the ancient glory fled.

'Twas in this land of saintship with the holy spirit birth,
A Redeemer was begotten thee, blest with heavenly
worth !
The Hebrews in rebellion lament that age divide,
And in God's wrath are spread abroad on earth both far
and wide.
Thou hast raised upon thy heights many sons to worthy
fame,
Who throughout the by-gone ages, shed a lustre on thy
name !
When Eden's robe of splendor, Oh ! so brilliant, fresh and
fair,
A thousand years of verdure thy fields will afford to wear !
When the day of thy redemption dawns, and from thy
fields, at length,
The Turk will be banish'd, who encumbers now thy
strength ;
And Oh ! thou lovely Palestine, o'errun with God-like
men,
Thy kings and priests of honor there shall wear the diadem !
No taunt, reproach, or hissing ; and Jezreel's valley o'er,
Will know more of thy greatness, than has ever knew be-
fore ;
Fed with the bread of heaven, begotten with the Spirit
birth !
And delightful heavenly breezes will cross thy fields in
mirth ;
Oh ! land of mine inheritance, dispensing blessings free,
The righteous dead restor'd to life, my heart would have
them be ;

And blessed shall the owners be who wield the mighty pen,
For those eternal rights, God no longer denies to men ;
His holy dealings on the earth when crown'd within His
view,

The lion and the lamb will give a welcome to the Jew !

TEXT PROOFS.—Dan. ii. 44 ; Rev. xi. 15 ; Dan. vii. 13, 14, 18,
22, 27 ; Cor. xv. 25 ; Zec. xiv. 19 ; Psa. ii. 8, 9, ex. 5 ; Rev. xix. 11,
13, 15, 16, v. 10 ; Mat. vi. 10 ; Psa. xxxvii. 11.

Beautiful Day.

(TUNE—*Beautiful Star*.)

BEAUTIFUL day in Palestine,
Rich verdure in a healthful clime,
Kings and priests, and prophets there,
Enjoying rich blessings—no dull care.
Beautiful day, beautiful day.

Beautiful day in Palestine,
Charm'd by the songs of David's line ;
Christ is king ! the crucified,
With other kings there liv'd and died.
Beautiful day, beautiful day.

Beautiful day in Palestine,
Come forth ye Abrahamic line,
Take possession of the sod,
In honor of the living God !
Beautiful day, beautiful day.

Crown'd with honor in Palestine,
 The faithful saints will be sublime,
 Rule the world, ye holy seers,
 Keep war at bay a thousand years.
 Beautiful day, beautiful day.

The Bouquet.

RICH emblems of a blessed time,
 Lies 'neath the heavenly glare ;
 Sweet fragrance breathes from Palestine,
 By the almighty's care.
 Where the fields lie barren,
 Near the rose of sharon ;
 The damask, the yellow, and the white rose there.

The snow drops and the daffodils,
 In homage to the queen,
 And roses on the heather hills,
 Surpass'd in Palestine !
 Where the fields lie barren,
 Near the rose of sharon,
 The damask, the yellow, and the evergreen.

May tiny products of a smile,
 Be leagued with Palestine ;
 And eastern kings from every isle,

Like blossoms on thee shine,
Where the fields lie barren,
Near the rose of sharon,
The white rose, the yellow, the fig tree and vine.

Sermons.

The vendor and buyer, or three sermons per week for twenty-five shillings.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

A CLERGYMAN, I know not who, nor do I care to tell,
Was getting blessings from his flock for preaching sermons well ;

In glowing, flowery language, every word of them was said,
While setting forth the joys of heaven, likewise those of the "dead."

A great display of knowledge, with the vinegar and the gall,
The last enemy destroy'd is death, victory o'er the fall !

A graphic description of God's grace and love o'er conquer'd sin,

And to some poor tender heart, the silver it was put in.
Not by might, nor by power, but guided by the holy spirit,
The writer's sermons, if approv'd, his wage he would inherit ;
Bring in the reformation—with heaven an open door,
I'll speak of the departed one's, babes who have gone before ;
He did not ask for covenants, and for subjects had no lack,
The wheat had all diminished, and the tares he would give back ;

While pealing from his pulpit in a high and lofty strain—
His flock he called passengers—his church a railway train ;
Some, he had book'd for heaven and for righteous ways to
learn ;
Others, travelling down the broad-guage, from hence they
ne'er return.
A pathetic picture of the saved, there's room, there's room
for all ;
He did not speak of Palestine, nor frogs of ancient Gaul.
Unless the price is low indeed, through the shortness of
my purse ;
No description of evils here, nor remove them from the
curse.
A vessel playing upon the sea—Christ stay'd the windy
gale,
And sinners of every cast, are now brought within the pale ;
His prayers soon will have an end—the sheaves he cannot
bring,
His seed is of the wicked one—while striving souls to win.
Christ resurrected, he had from heaven a diplomacy,
He preach'd God's kingdom while on earth and heal'd poor
mortals free ;
When the reckoning time had come, alas ! by one from
calvary's mount ;
There's no more need of preaching, sir, come give in your
account.

Rest for the Weary!

"And a declaration by Saul of Tarsus."

REJOICE ! and be glad, ye sons of the Deity,
 Ye who have favored Jehovah's command,
 Welcome the news will be to the weary !
 Welcome to Zion, ye down-trodden band.
 The sorrow and sighing there will be all sere,
 There is rest for the weary, comfort and wand,
 On the covenants of life, all beautiful and grand,
 There is rest for the weary—there is rest for the weary,
 "For the Lord is at hand."

Rejoice ! for ye have achieved the victory,
 And are the rightful owners of the land,
 Welcome ! ye chosen one's, welcome to glory ;
 Your anchor cast in, by a ship ably man'd,
 Your troubles and your cares will be all sere,—
 O'er the voyage of this life, you're drifted on sand,
 And to earth's remotest ends, will your borders expand ;
 There is rest for the weary—there is rest for the weary,
 "And the Lord is at hand."



Signs of the Times.

MORTAL rulers of the powers that are,
Shadows, ominous clouds and density,
Rumors forth a war through the atmosphere ;
Welcome news, when the golden trump shall sound,
And the wise of heart do these kingdoms rule ;
The strongholds, alas ! will both fear and quake,
Kings of the east with their covenants, and
Mankind will pause, into the future look,
Like an Indian traveller in the night-
Time, peering for beasts* in his unknown path,
And with a sense of electricity
Yet unexploded ; and Lo ! the watchers,
The prophetic morn they will welcome i. ,
With Christ, rule the nations, and with a rod
Of iron will dash to pieces ; the kingdoms
Like a potter's vessel shall be broken
To shivers, in that great and terrible
Day of the Lord, the Lord will perform it.

*Beasts of prey.



Charity.

HARKEN ! my poor Brother,
God's riches from above
Will comfort and sustain
Your work and labor of love,
"In this alone you will be bless'd."

Harken ! my poor Brother,
Let your good work abound,
In faith, in hope, in charity,
Unto the poor be found,
"If in this work you are at rest."

Harken ! my poor Brother,
Although your deeds be few,
If you lend unto the Lord,
He'll repay again to you,
"In Canaan you will be possess'd."

Harken ! my poor Brother,
I need you not remind,
Search the Scriptures daily,
And examples you will find,
"Of good examples and the best."

Divinity.

(Acrostic.)

DEVILS out-grew, God's Sons to our view, worshipping
gain ;
Indeed all except few, the flood o'er threw, daughters
of Cain.
Vic. did embark the eighth in the Ark, o'er billows and
waves ;
In steering the mark of the Heavenly spark, they skipped
the graves.
Noah did contend, for the virtues that blend, and *memento
mori* ;
Incomprehend, to the Vatican send Bismark and Whalley.
Tell the lady who paint, and the counterfeit Saint, that
Bacchus enshrines ;
Yield the constraint, now for Noah's complaint, drunk o' the
wines.



Beguiled.

(Acrostic.)

BEGUILED was Eve, and the Devil achieved by his
subtlety ;
Eden now deceived and woefully grieved man's
inability ;

God was o'erseer and soon did appear, for evil begun
Upon that hemisphere, he enquired by spear, what hast thou
done ?

In the swart of his face and Adam's fallen race, in after
ages ;

Lingering for grace, get drunk and deface, banking his
wages ;

Evils go free, and sends us all on the spree to the father of
lies ;

Direful divinity, was this father Chiniquy, dress'd in
disguise ?



The Devil.

(Acrostic.)

THE devil of Saul, or of the haughty Gaul, and
Jordan's i'le,
Have ceded the fall, with vinegar and gall, capa-
cious and vile ;

Every time he appear, is a kind privateer ; powers unrest.
Defeated with cheer, in one hemisphere, mightily bless'd.
Evils combine, have no right to define, nor yet to reveal.
Vic. on it shine, through the ages of time, in woe or in weal,
If wisdom is folly, or bright melancholy, in worldly state,
Let our rulers be jolly, and dine out with Folly, loving to
pate.

The Victory !

(Acrostic.)

ALPHA and Omega are the beginning and the last,
My rhymes will be all o'er and my anchor will be
cast ;

Over the Devil I got the victory, exalted and bless'd ;
So buckle on your armor when you're put to the test.
Pan, the Diabolos, was mischievous and bold,
In braving the victory some mysteries did unfold,
The odes made out of nature, and him laurels did wear,
To the end let him continue to act on the square.

Snow.

THE butterfly has departed the vale,
 Mosquitoes, too, have descended below,
 And the wild flowers beneath the fierce gale
 Lie there in slumber 'neath the beautiful
 snow.

Beautiful snow other countries hath wed,
 Let the glory of France speak ; there below,
 Moscow in flames ! and, alas, there were fled
 Pride of a nation 'neath beautiful snow.

Rise up, ye snow-cover'd mantle of earth,
 Speak for the dead thou hast buried below ;
 The arts of nature, wherever its birth,
 Have laid down beneath the beautiful snow.

May blessings reach the poor within ken,
 And pleasures of fortune on them bestow,
 The luckless and needy toilers of men,
 Bless'd are they, laid under beautiful snow.



Adieu.*

A RECORD of Robert John Jameson,
He scarcely lived three years ;
His spirit has fled, and he is gone,
And we bathed him in tears.

Life is a shadow, and the foe
Disposed of our little boy John ;
A letter we sent to " Ontario,"
Off where his father had gone.

His life's fleeting joys are past,
And free from trouble he's gone ;
In sickness his anchor was cast,
And his parents left weeping for John.

The thread of life now is sever'd ;
His mother with an aching heart ;
To his father, in black was deliver'd
A letter, which pierced like a dart.

*Written by request.



A Fragment.

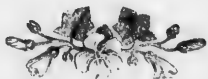


LAND-SLIP here in beauty crown'd
 Below my feet ;
 Trees above, below, and in-bound,
 And both ends meet.
 I dream'd that nature on me frowned
 A mournful sigh.
 I see some clouds waft to and fro
 Across the sky ;
 There's light beyond, like leaves they go,
 Wither and die.

Ode.



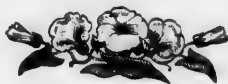
THE foreign messenger of spring,
 Our Canadian soil ne'er greeted
 With cuckoo wing ; but wild birds sing
 And the devils get defeated.



Addresses in Rhyme.

FROM Canadian soil I send this coil,
To England's greatest city,
Postman call and welcome all,
Who lives with Brother ditty.
In Dunford road, near Jackson,
In Holloway is seen,
A man who's name is A——,
And his No. is seventeen.

My letter I've got through at last,
While snow and sleet is falling fast ;
Send it on to Birmingham town,
In the centre of England—a place of renown.
Upon its arrival you'll find its for
A Christian editor, Mr. R. R.,
At the Athenæum rooms it will be free ;
I've put on the stamps and paid the fee.



The Ambitious City.

A BONNY town is Hamilton,
Near to its Mountain brow,
Cheers give for bonny Hamilton,
Ontario near it flow.

The Manufactories are so fine,
Rise swelling in my eyes,
And on the lawn at No. nine,
The home I highly prize.

A visit to its honor'd brow,
Beneath the shady trees ;
We pledge each other's loving vow,
All in the autumn breeze.
High up the steps we do ascend,
With customs fond delight,
The steps of life our feet must wend,
To make our future bright.

By the Gore on Saturday night,
We travel east and west,
Or travel out upon the height
To get refreshing rest.
We have the pleasures of the band,
That of the volunteer,
The British are united, and
Saint Patrick's greet our ear.

By steam the sparrows brav'd the shore,
From off the British isle,
And make their home upon the Gore,
To greet them with a smile.
A ride upon our city car,
To fond remembrance bring,
Our boon companions from afar,
And time is on the wing.

God speed the truth in Hamilton,
The maids are fresh and fair;
In honor shall her future be,
A gracely portion wear,
A family circle to sustain,
And faithfully attend
To household duties with the bairn,
A true and trusty friend.

Zion.

(Acrostic.)

ZION is the mount of the high on,
It is held in store for the cry on,
O'er the zi the Lord hath His eye on,
Now let us be fit for the pry on.

Exiled.



CANADA ! fair Canada ! thou art not the land of
my birth—

Save the country of my adoption no other has equal
worth ;

Thou hast fed me and nourish'd me, and ever blessed be
thy lay,

Blessed be thy rising Dominion on each succeeding day.

A theme I'll give to Canada ! and to each adopted son :

May prosperity e'er attend thee and the conquest thou hast
won !

The English, French and Germans have found a welcome
within thy lines,

Where a home thou hast found and shelter'd the people
from many climes.

O Canada ! fair Canada ! the English, the French and the
Dane

Find a Parliament at Ottawa out upon thy wide domain.



The Poet's Mansion.

"This globe revolves upon its axis,
And I am homeward bound—to my destiny."

HERE'S better things in store I scan
Than death that comes to every man ;
The death's beginning ends my fate—
It was begun at treasure's gate.
God gave command (and disobey'd
Did Adam), then the curse was laid,
And with that curse a promise came—
It was the promise of a name
That led me forth in Wisdom's way ;
In death's dark vale I'll need no lay,
Nor will my ever-thinking mind
Experience hopes yet undefined ;
No longer will the twilight grey,
Nor streak of sun its piercing ray,
Be seen the glittering stars of night,
Nor splendours of the northern light ;
Or waken from some troubled dream,
I ponder o'er some failing scheme,
No longer will this aching breast
Sigh forth in grief when not possess'd ;
No longer feel the balmy breeze
Waft odours through the forest trees,
Nor made to feel this aching pain
While seeking hard-begotten gain ;

Nor hear the roar and splash of gale,
The timid cry and piercing wail ;
No longer will confusion reign
When deep into the dust I'm lain ;
No longer will the scorching heat
Force dropping sweat upon my beat,
Triumphant zero's expansion
Will feed and clothe my mansion.

Ode to the Muses.

MY muses to me oft have been
An unbounded pleasure ;
A means to drive away the spleen—
A delight and treasure.
Dispels my gloom from off my breast,
And takes the rankling thorn ;
Into the haven of my rest
It brings a peaceful morn.

Enscription.

A MORTAL lay beneath this clay,
In or out of season,
A perfect say, on Judgment Day,
Will restore my reason.

Condolence.

(A few lines of condolence to the sorrowing widow of the late Thomas Johnstone, who was beloved and respected by all who knew him.

MY brother on the far-off isle of England's classic shore
Is resting from his labors and the voyage of life
is o'er.

On the eve of my departure, in mingled joys and grief,
He left his homely fireside and came to my relief.
His name is on the life-roll now, and number'd wit' the dead,

Since in the paths of saving grace his footsteps ever led.
His friend and companion in the fight she's mourning o'er
his death,

And waiting the return of Christ—'tis what the Scripture
saith ;

And in his slumber now he lies beneath the coffin lid,
Until the resurrection morn "his life in Christ is hid ;"
God to the sorrowing widow some heavenly comfort bring
To cheer her on her thorny path where thoughts they do
take wing,

When the day dawn does arise and our lot with Christ is
cast,

And chosen out from called ones, all sorrow will be past ;
Then weep not, sister in the Christ, we know it will be well,
Though for a time we have to part and say the word
"farewell."

Poetry.

THESE'S poetry in the days of spring
When orchards are in bloom,
There's poetry in the hum of bees
Before the rising noon.
When gardens are richly spangl'd
With its scented flowers,
There's poetry in the song of birds
And in falling showers.

I'm rhyming in the workshop,
I'm rhyming all the day,
Clang, clang, clang
Gives birth unto my lay.

There's poetry in the fallen leaf,
And when our lot is cast
From storm and hail and clang of wheels,
Where cogs are whirling past.
The cogs of life go whirling round
From childhood unto prime,
And every step we take in life
Brings poetry to our rhyme.

I'm rhyming in the workshop,
I'm rhyming all the day,
Clang, clang, clang
Gives poetry to my lay.

Mrs. Parkins and her Visitors.

BEFORE we can the Christmas pudding try,
Or dead march give the traveller from on high,
Outside the door the hoar-frost scatter'd lie,
In season for the cards and domin—i,
Two players met and each one had a tie,
Each was a Jew, and would not crucify,
In the land of Canaan he was a spy,
The Gentiles oft his deeds do mystify ;
From their friends when leaving its all good-bye
If in wealth, though in poverty all fie*,
Like drawing water from a well that's dry,
Or the man of Ross from the river Wye,
Our sticking plaster got wedded to the sty ;
We next summoned to our aid the shoo-fly,
Our tormentors, like gods, they flutter'd by,
And into their secrets we could not pry,
It was the heart-break business of a sigh ;
Then next, to please them, we hung up a guy,
And everything we thought we would apply,
And to our trapping they would not comply ;
Behold ! our homes we could not purify,
We have before us one that would not die,
And it was life or death to the hero-fly.

* Mrs. Parkins was mistaken.—“AUTHOR.”